At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate.
Ferd. Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Bero. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.
And though I haue for barbarisme spoke more
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeeres day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescewes thee from shame.
Ber. Item, That no woman shall come within a myle of
my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?
Long. Foure dayes ago.
Ber. Lets see the penaltie. On payne of losing her tung?
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Long. Marrie that did I.
Bero. Sweete Lord and why?
Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie.
A dangerous law against gentletie.
Item, Yf any man be seene to talke with a woman within
the tearme of three yeeres, he shall indure such publibue
shame as the rest of the Court can posible deuise.
Ber. This Article my liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassaie,
The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and complet maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*,
To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Ferd. What say you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth studie to haue what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should:

And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
Tis won as townes with fire, so won so lost.
Fer. We must of force dispence with this Decree,
Shee must lie heere on meere necessitie.
Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Standes in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?
Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
On who the musique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth rauish like inchannting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie.
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.
Bero. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Fashions owne knight.
Lon. Costard the swaine and he, shalbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but short.